

ed clergyman, one of the most extraordinary practices which could be dreamed of in a Christian community.

It appeared that the dying man, who was a sexton several years, had been in the habit, secretly and at night, of abstracting the corpses of such persons as were buried in the grave yard he had charge of, and selling them for subjects of dissection, to the physicians around town, and even sending them into the country. In conjunction, it is supposed, with a person now alive, who was then also a sexton, it is believed that a most extensive business of this kind was carried on for several years—and that it was found lucrative, that both individuals, originally quite poor when they became sextons, became rich and respectable in a very few years. By the rules and regulations applicable to church yards and sextons, those officers had full and free access at all hours, to all the public and private vaults under their charge. The remains of the dead deposited in the private vaults, were generally untouched—but those buried in the church-yard, or those deposited in the public vaults, were considered the property of the sextons, and they posed of their horrible merchandise accordingly, at the highest bidder among the medical faculty. The remembrance of being thus engaged in such business caused the agonized terrors of the dying man, and made him restless, until a clergyman was called to minister comfort to a mind diseased on his bed. And in order to show that we do not take these fearful details without some good foundation, we now openly call upon Bishop Onderdonk of a city, to say whether he ever heard of such a case as we have detailed, or any one similar to it—or whether he was the clergyman who attended the last moments of the repentant man. His associate is still here, and doing a good business in this city, but not a sexton.—*New York Herald.*

LEGISLATURE OF SWITZERLAND.

Brooks gives the following account of a sitting of the legislature of the Swiss Cantons:—
The Swiss Diet was in session, and I was glad to witness its deliberations, which however, were not antinome to me; and though the orators were not Rosineers of Cicero's era, so that I could not get the high sounds of German words with the other words at action often forms, and make out well what was going on, now and then a delegate from French Switzerland would have a word to say, and he would row a flood of light upon my benighted intellect; I find that hunger and thirst, want and necessity, are teaching me French wonderfully fast. Cantons all quarrel, I find, as well as States. There is a hubbub here, about the money some Cantons is to pay. do not see how they make this one-wheeled government go. I should as soon think of putting a chair upon one leg as a government upon one assembly; at that there are not men enough in any one assembly to make ten times as many laws as are necessary, at that word one is a tyrant and a rogue unless you sit him well. The deputies or representatives of the cantons here wear swords as they sit around their legislative table, and they keep their seats too, when they speak. I do not know but that both of these are excellent regulations. I am inclined to think that there would not be half so many blackguards in the world, if they felt that they were in danger of losing their seats for their impudence. To keep the seat when a speech is made, is a great aid to a sensible man's eloquence,—for I have seen many a poor fellow who could talk admirably in his chair, lose all the eloquence the moment he got upon his legs. The electric spark seemed to run off there as if by some conductor,—and he would stammer and stammer if words were only given to better what ideas he had,—not to conceal his want of them, as is the case with orators in general. Johnson was eloquent in his chair,—I venture to say he would have been dumb in the House of Commons. However, the Swiss can afford to have more oratory than we, for they have fewer machines in their Diet for the manufacture of it, than we have even in our Senate, to say nothing of that floundering Leviathan, the House, that huge Pacific Ocean, full of spouting whales, the members of the Diet have another peculiarity, they wear hats or caps like the military, and cloaks of different colors, in the same garment, with the different arms of the different Cantons that they represent, upon them. I take it for granted, there is sense all this; but what it is you must find out, for I cannot tell you.

A. L. HASKELL & CO.

WHOLESALE and Retail dealers in Furniture, Feathers, Mattresses, Beds, &c. at Chambers Nos. 8 and 10 Dock Square—have on hand, and will continue to keep constantly on hand, in any quantity that may be wanted, the following articles, which will be sold on such terms as can best please the purchaser, viz:—Secretaries, Dressing Cases, Bureaus, Green and Card, Pembroke and common Tables, Ladies' Work Tables, Bedsteads, Couches, Sofas, &c., Sofa Bedsteads, Crisps and Truck Bedsteads, Malagany and stained-wood Cradles, Cane and common Chairs, Cabinet Chairs, Wash Stands and Toilet Tables, Counting Room and Portable Desks, Looking Glasses, Brass Fire Stoves, Brass Time Pieces, Wooden Clocks, and many others.
MATTRESSES—Double bordered best Spanish hair, double bordered Russian hair, single bordered Russian Hair—different qualities and prices.
FEATHERS—Best Northern Live Geese, Southern and Western—of Russian of various kinds—all of which are warranted to be of the best quality and price.
Hairs—Feather—Admirable quality and price; and every article sold, warranted equal to recommendation. Business personally attended to, and all favors thankfully received.
Nov. 11.

WHITTIER & WARREN.

WARRANTED BOOTS AND SHOES of all descriptions, by the package or single pair, No. 14 Dock Square, (opposite Faneuil Hall,) Boston. If Sept 9.

BOARDERS WANTED.

A FEW gentlemen Boarders can be accommodated in my family, No. 6 South Cedar street, corner of Church street, or one or two gentlemen with their wives, who would be furnished with pleasant rooms.
If any friends from the country, who may come as Representatives to the General Court, should find it convenient for them, they might probably be accommodated.
L. TOMPKINS.

Dec. 23. 361

TERMS OF THE HERALD.

1. The HERALD is published weekly at \$2.00 per annum paid within two weeks from the time of subscribing. If paid by mail, it is sent in advance, and the subscription is not binding until the first of January. If not paid at the close of the year, it is discontinued at the expiration of eighteen months, unless paid.
2. All travelling preachers in the New England, Maine, and New Hampshire Conferences are authorized agents, to whom payment may be made.
3. All communications on business, or designed for publication, should be addressed to BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., post paid, and enclosed in a separate envelope, and not in the paper, unless containing \$10.00, or five subscribers.
4. All biographies, accounts of revivals, and other matters involving facts, must be accompanied with the names of the writers.
We wish agents to be particular to write the names of subscribers, and the name of the post office to which papers are to be sent, in such a manner that there can be no misunderstanding or mistake.

ZION'S



HERALD.

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ZION'S HERALD.

Office No. 19 Washington St.

BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR.

David H. Ela, Printer.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

To John Henry Hopkins, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Diocese of Vermont:

LETTER XI.

RIGHT REVEREND SIR—You state, in the second paragraph in support of your fourth proposition, that "some men have supposed, that if the apostles were alive in our day, they would recommend the distinct case of this particular vice, according to the views of the Temperance Society." You then proceed to say "that it is as easy to make those assertions as it is impossible to prove them;" by which your Reverence can mean no more than that it is impossible to have the apostles here at the present day; and, in the midst of so much false statement, it is quite refreshing to be able to agree with you upon any point, however unimportant.—You continue thus: "Since the fall of man, the kingdom of God has never continued the establishment of a society against any one vice by itself, or any one virtue by itself." And pray sir, what authority have you for such an assertion as this? Can we not say with great justice, and in your own words, that "it is as easy to make such assertions as it is impossible to prove them?"

To not institute a society and to countenance a society are two different things. We have set before you the unparalleled success, which has crowned this glorious enterprise already. You know, sir, that thousands and tens of thousands of the men of God are continually offering their tribute of thanksgiving to the Most High, because he has been pleased, in a signal manner, to countenance the Temperance Society. One of two things must be true,—these reverend men are strangely mistaken, or your Reverence is guilty of presumption.—It might be replied to your allegation that the Temperance Society is not a society "against any one vice," but against many and most vices: in other words, it is a society, whose object is the removal of a well known and acknowledged stimulus to the perpetration of sin in general. Total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors has greatly tended to the improvement of bodily health. Every malady of the human frame is notoriously exacerbated, by the intemperate employment of inebriating agents. Agreeably to your construction, the Temperance Society is a society "against" one malady only. Total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors has greatly tended to moderate the personal and domestic condition of man. It has quelled strife, remedied the evils of poverty, elevated the intellectual powers, promoted benevolence, &c.—Agreeably to your construction, the Temperance Society is a society "for" a single object. When any individual, however near to the Lord he may deem himself to be, by virtue of his holy office,—whenever any individual preaches to declare, that the wisdom of God has not countenanced a society, whose object is so pure and holy; we have no other reply than that which may be found in your own words,—it is "so monstrous, that it is hard to say whether its impurity or its absurdity is the most glaring." We now present another morsel from your cabinet of curiosities:—

"We have, however, sundry judicial opinions, stating that intemperance is the common provocation to crime. And statistical accounts are published, showing that the cause of all enormities against domestic peace and public order may be traced to the same prolific fountain. But the Christian philosopher would call this a very shallow and partial kind of investigation. Intemperance cannot, in the nature of things, be the sole cause of any other sin. It can only be one, out of many concurring causes; and these concurring causes are secondary only, for the chief cause must always be the state of the heart. Indeed, the operation of intemperance is not to originate any evil within the bosom; but to bring out what is there already, by paralyzing that power of self-control which might otherwise confine the existing evil to the secret thoughts, and prevent it from displaying itself in action. Hence, it is no means true, that the most immoral people will all ways be those who are the most addicted to drunkenness. The warm climates of the East Indies are filled with the most shocking immorality, and yet there is but little intemperance amongst them. Spain, Portugal, and Italy are awfully immoral, luxurious, assassinations, and every abominable deed of darkness are common amongst their cities, and yet they are comparatively a sober people."

The organ of accuracy, if the philologists will pardon us, appears not to be remarkably decided in the case of your Reverence. "We have sundry judicial opinions, stating that intemperance is the common provocation to crime;" this is not true. But you continue thus, "statistical accounts are published, showing that the cause of all enormities against domestic peace and public order may be traced to the same prolific fountain."—And where are these statistics? No where but in your own possession. We believe, that there is no crime, which has not frequently been committed under the stimulus of intoxicating drink. But this belief falls far short of your unjustifiable and extravagant assertion, which would fasten upon the Temperance Society the absurd allegation, that ALL crimes are produced by intemperance. We believe, of course, that there is no crime, which is not occasionally committed by persons, who are not influenced by intoxicating liquor. Revenge, jealousy, and other impelling causes have produced murder. Covetousness, hunger, and other impelling causes have produced theft; and so on, through the whole catalogue of crimes. It would not readily be credited, that a Bishop in the nineteenth century could suppose it possible, that a society, comprising a vast body of our most learned and intelligent men, would assume the contrary to be true. Such, however, is the fact, unless we impeach your integrity, which we by no means intend to do: and we are constrained to believe that, after "a long and anxious examination" your Reverence has arrived at the profitable conclusion, that the Temperance Society has assumed this absurdity to be true,—namely, that ALL crimes are traced to intemperance! There is no possible escape from this horn of the dilemma, but such as leads directly towards the other, which is the sharper of the two, as it would affect your character as an honest reasoner. We are therefore compelled to understand, that your Reverence knows no better.

We have read the following statement with no little surprise: "The warm climates of the East Indies are filled with the most shocking immorality, and yet there is but little intemperance amongst them. Spain, Portugal, and Italy are awfully immoral. Adulteries, assassinations, and every abominable deed of darkness are common amongst their cities, and yet they are comparatively a sober people." This statement, if offered for any good purpose, is offered in proof of your fourth proposition, that the Temperance Society has given a false prominence to this vice, contrary to the doctrine of the Bible. But as it appears to have no immediate or remote relation

to that proposition, it is of the less importance to your argument, that it happens to be utterly false. We were somewhat surprised, that you should be so scantily informed, upon an important point, in the modern and ancient history of Europe and the East. Spain, Portugal, and Italy are not comparatively "a sober people;" and your assertion, that there is but little intemperance in the warm climates of the East, is precisely the reverse of the truth. These points, though apparently without any logical relation to your fourth proposition, are highly important, in their connection with the Temperance reform.

We shall therefore trouble your Reverence with a few remarks in support of our direct contradiction of your statements. We have already referred you to Bidaux and Boutinville, in their accounts of Mahomet, in evidence of that very general drunkenness of the Arabians, which compelled the false prophet of Mecca to abolish wine from his dominions. Though wine, by which was meant all intoxicating drink, was so strictly forbidden, nothing is more common among the modern Turks and Persians. In the fifth section of Sale's preliminary discourse, prefixed to his edition of the Koran, you will find the following passage: "The Persians, however, as well as the Turks are very fond of wine; and if one asks them how it comes to pass, that they venture to drink it, when it is so directly forbidden by their religion, they answer, that it is with them as with the Christians, whose religion prohibits drunkenness and whoredom as great sins, and who glory notwithstanding, some in debauchery, and others in drinking to excess."—Persia is debauched for its vices. "The Mahomedan religion," says Henderson, in his tenth chapter on modern wines, "prohibiting the use of wine to its followers, tends to restrict the manufacture to those places, where the Jews, or Armenians, or Hindoos form part of the population. But the Persians have always been less scrupulous of this precept of the Koran than the other Mussulmans; and several of their kings, unable to resist the temptation, or conceiving themselves above the law, have set an example of drunkenness, which has been very generally followed by their subjects."—Persians indulge secretly in wine and generally in intemperance; as they can imagine no pleasure in its use, unless it produce the full delirium of intoxication. They flatter themselves, however, that they diminish the sin, by drinking only such as is made by Infidels. The Jews and Armenians prepare wine on purpose for the Mahomedans, by adding lime, hemp, and other ingredients to increase its pungency and strength; for the wine, that soonest intoxicates, is accounted the best; and the lighter and more delicate kinds are held in no estimation among the adherents of the prophet."—For a more ample exposition of the drunkenness of India, we refer you to *Voyages en Perse*, Tour ii. pp. 26, 249; *Travels in Georgia and Persia*, by Sir R. Kerr Porter, vol. i. p. 348; *Voyages de Chardin*, Tour ii. p. 67.—Castellan, author of *Letters on the Mores and Constantinople*, has the following observations: "Selim II. set an example of drunkenness, and revoked Solomon's edict against wine. The use of that liquor became general and public. Excess in drinking is rare among the Elements and ministers of religion; but the dervishes, and likewise the soldiers, sailors, and lower classes of the people are addicted to it. The latter drink also spirituous liquors, but they have neither beer nor cider, and employ only of its kind. Almost all the oriental nations make use of opium, to which they attribute the property of exciting voluptuous sensations and ecstatic illusions."

Your Reverence, in the very commencement of your labors, judiciously remarked that it makes not the slightest difference "whether ardent spirit, or wine, or any other strong drink be the instrument of intoxication." Now sir, the drunkenness of the East is notoriously produced, in an eminent degree, by intoxicating drugs, as well as by intoxicating drinks; and it can make no difference, by what means it is produced, if produced at all. We propose to extend this inquiry further; not for the purpose of effecting a clearer manifestation of your entire ignorance upon this point, which you have so promptly and confidently settled; but with a design, paramount to the mere examination of your disorderly performance. If no great good should eventually arise from these letters, so far as they are intended to bear upon yourself and your labors, let us, at least, avail of the occasion, afforded by your errors and indiscretions, to establish a few important facts, and to offer such reflections, as, by God's blessing, may have a profitable bearing upon the temperance cause, and possibly prove useful to some persons who may not have found it convenient to make a similar investigation. We shall proceed, therefore, in our next letter, to prove, by additional evidence, the total incorrectness of your statement, that there is but little intemperance among the warm climates of the East Indies; and also the error of your assertion, that the inhabitants of Spain, Portugal, and Italy are comparatively a sober people.

A MEMBER OF THE PROT. EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
FOR ZION'S HERALD.
DUTY OF PARENTS RESPECTING THEIR CHILDREN.
No. X.

MR. EDITOR—Among the numerous duties of parents which are imperious, may be reckoned that of training up their offspring to attend Sabbath school. It is matter of unfeigned thankfulness that an institution replete with such invaluable blessings has gained such permanent footing in this country.—Though providential in its rise, yet it originated in a heart filled with benevolence, and is destined to carry instruction, relief, consolation, and salvation into the deepest recesses of poverty, ignorance, and sorrow, wherever the system is permitted to operate.

But like all other good institutions, to have it operate successfully, it needs the hearty co-operation of all,—and especially that of parents. They can give the juvenile mind that interest in Sabbath school instruction, which it is not possible for others to impart. But while the subject has received due attention by many parents, who have labored to bring up their children "in the way they should go," it is to be feared that it has been criminally neglected by others. It may be their children go occasionally to the Sabbath school, because it is fashionable; but it is not enough that they attend occasionally, or even every Sabbath, but they are to be taught the object and peculiar advantages of Sabbath schools.

The following conversation between a teacher and his scholar is in point:—
"Why have you been absent from your class so long?" asked the teacher.
"Father said I might."

"Have you been sick?"
"No sir."
"Could you have come as well as not?"
"Yes, sir; but father said I need not."
"Is your father a Christian?"
"Yes, for he belongs to Mr. B.—'s church."
"Do your parents tell you to get your lessons, or say any thing to you about going to the Sabbath school?"
"No; only say I must be a good boy, if I do go."
Now, Mr. Editor, can it be reasonably expected that children thus taught, will be lovers of the Sabbath school?—Let our youths be rightly instructed, and such a blow would be given to Popery and Infidelity, as they never before sustained.

R. W. ALLEN.

North Malden, Dec. 24, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

"I LOVE THEM THAT LOVE ME."

PROVERBS viii. 17.

Who loves the Saviour? Is he full of years—
A stranger—pilgrim through this "vale of tears,"
Whose hopes, whose heart and home are fixed on high?
He is beloved by Him who built the sky.

Who loves the Saviour? Is he fresh and bright,
Basking in youthful sunshine and delight—
Gives he his heart to God in life's young morn?
Then he's beloved by Jesus in return.

Who loves the Saviour? Art thou poor, forlorn—
In feeble's hand in cruel bondage born?
Thy trials are many, and thy comforts few;
Behold! the Prince of Glory loveth you!

Who loves the Saviour? Is he you rude child
Of the deep forest, untutored and wild—
Loves the Great Spirit—feels his sins forgiven?
Then he's beloved by God in heaven.

Who loves the Saviour? Is he on the deep,
The sea-tossed mariner, where billows sweep?
He loves Jesus, in life's darkest hour
He'll feel His love, and prove His mighty power.

Or is he one beneath the Asiatic sky,
Where heathen temples lift their heads on high,
Who loves the gospel—this religion "new?"
The love of Jesus can embrace him too.

Or is he one who broke the slavish chain
Of Popish superstition's direful reign—
Bows but to God—and counts his beads no more!
Then he's beloved by Him of highest power.

Is she a widow in your lonely cot,
By all the world, but not by God forgot?
If she loves Jesus, she is richer far,
With His sweet love, than earthly princes are.

Is he an orphan, destitute and sad,
Without a mother's love to make him glad,
A father's counsel to direct his feet?
Oh! then the love of Christ is doubly sweet.

All who love Jesus, and His law obey,
Copy His spirit, His denying way,
Are blest below, and shall be blest above—
For who can estimate a SAVIOUR'S LOVE?

JUSTITIA.

Hartford, Conn., December, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

CAMPBELLISM.

BROTHER KINGSBURY—Having noticed, a few weeks since, in the Herald, that the famous ALEXANDER CAMPBELL was shortly expected to appear in Boston, to instruct our New Englanders on the important subject of religion, I thought it might not be unacceptable to many of your readers to be informed in his own language on the great subject of regeneration. The quotations, which follow, were taken from a pamphlet, entitled,—"Campbellism Refuted," by G. B. Smallwood, and published in Cincinnati in 1832.

Millennial Harbinger Extra, No. 1, Prop. xi:—
"Reader, reflect!—what a jargon, what a confusion have the mystic doctors of this metaphysical expression, and of this topic of regeneration? To call the receiving of any spirit, or any influence or energy, or any operation upon the heart of man, regeneration—is an abuse of all speech, as well as a departure from the dictation of the Holy Spirit, who calls nothing personal regeneration, except immersion."

Again, Mill. Har. Extra, No. 1, page 8:—
"It is scarcely necessary to remark here, that, as the disciples of Christ are declared to be in a pardoned, justified, sanctified, reconciled, adopted, and saved state, they are the only persons in such a state, and all others are in an unpardoned, unjustified, unsanctified, unreconciled, unadopted, and lost state."

Again, page 12:—
"The act of faith necessarily becomes the line of discrimination between the two states before described. On this side, and on that, mankind are in quite different states. On the one side, they are pardoned, justified, sanctified, adopted, and saved; on the other, they are in a state of condemnation."

Again, page 16:—
"Immersion is the converting act, or, that no person is disciplined to Christ till he is immersed."

It appears from the above quotations,—
1. That none but the disciples of Christ are saved.
2. That none are disciples of Christ till they perform the act of faith, or the converting act, that is, the act of immersion. It is clear, therefore, from the above quotations, that immersion is the act of faith, the converting act, or regeneration.

This is salvation by water, with Alexander Campbell, for a witness!
Again, page 10:—
"A change of heart is the result of a change of views; and, whatever can accomplish a change of views, may accomplish a change of heart or feelings; but a change of state always calls for something more."

That is, (as we are to infer from the above,) a change of state, or true discipleship, calls for the act of faith, or immersion.
We have, in the last extract, Mr. Campbell's views of experimental religion, as follows:—
1. A change of views, produces the change of heart the sinner needs.

2. Immersion changes his state, from a sinner to a disciple, or child of God.
It may be clearly inferred, that, as a change of views and immersion may be effected by the labors of ministers; therefore ministers, such as Mr. Campbell and his confidants, can make true Christians without the aid of the spirit of God. Mr. Walter Scott, principal confidant of Mr. Campbell, declared to me, in conversation on this subject, about three years since, that the Holy Spirit had nothing to do in making men Christians; that He only dwelt in them, as a comforter, after they became such.
That I have not mistaken the views of Mr. Campbell on this subject, so vital to the eternal interests of the souls of men, will be seen from the following beautiful illustration of them, by his own pen.—See *Millennial Harbinger Extra*, No. 1, page 11.

Lavinia was the servant of Palemon, and once thought him a bad master. She changed her views of him, and her feelings were also changed towards him. Still, however, she continued in the state of a handmaid. Palemon offered first his heart, and then his hand, and she accepted of them. He vowed, and she vowed, before witnesses; and she became his wife. Then, and not till then, was her state changed. She is no longer a servant; she is a wife. A change of views and of feelings led to this change of state; but, let it be noted, that this might not have issued in a change of state; for Maria, who was another handmaid of Palemon, had changed her views of him, and her feelings towards him as much, nay, more, than did Lavinia, yet Maria lived and died the servant maid of Palemon and Lavinia.

From this illustration, in connection with the sentiments before expressed, the conviction is irresistible, that Mr. Campbell teaches that we may be servants of God, and truly possessed of a change of heart, (such as he describes), and never be true Christians, because our state is not changed by the act of faith, to wit, immersion. Indeed, if the change of heart be only such as is produced by the labors of ministers, without the influence of the Holy Ghost, I am much inclined to be of his mind.
R. RANSOM.
Wilbraham, Dec. 18, 1835.

LITERARY ANECDOTE.

An old gentleman, who attended more to learning his sons the method of accumulating riches than knowledge, lived some time since in the Eastern States. From application and industry, he had amassed a property of about \$20,000. Although not able to read or write, he never hired a clerk; but had always been in the habit of keeping his own books. He had invented some new characters, for the purpose of conveying his ideas to himself and others; they were formed as nearly to the shape of the article sold as possible.

One day a customer of his called on him for the purpose of settling his account; the book of hieroglyphics was handed down, and our merchant commenced with,—"Such a time you had a gallon of rum, and such a time a pound of tea, and such a time a cheese."

"Stop there," says the customer, "I never had a cheese of you nor any other person; I make my own cheese."

"You certainly must have had it," said the merchant, "it's down in my book."

The other denied ever buying an article of that kind. After a sufficient number of *pros* and *cons*, upon recollection, he informed him he believed he had purchased a *grindstone* about that time.

"Tis the very thing," said the merchant, "and I must have forgotten to put the hole in the middle."

ANECDOTE.—As the good Deacon A., on a cold morning in January, was riding by the house of his neighbor B., the latter was chopping wood and dressing his hands at his door. The usual salutations were exchanged, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with—

"Don't be in a hurry, Deacon; would'n't you like a glass of good old Jamaica this cold morning?"

"Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a Deacon; "I don't care if I do."

"Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, Deacon," said the wag, "I merely asked for information; we haven't a drop of rum in the house!"—*Exter News Letter.*

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF NAPOLEON.

BY A FOREIGNER (IN ENGLISH).

The first time I saw Napoleon was in 1815, shortly after his return from Elba. The palace was surrounded by immense crowds from morning till night. After day after day, at his arrival. The short interval of peace had drawn vast numbers of foreigners to Paris, and all were eager to get a sight at the emperor, who had become, in a tenfold degree, an object of curiosity, in consequence of the unparalleled boldness of the adventure which he had just accomplished, and the desperate struggle which now evidently awaited him. Understanding that he was to be present at a religious service in Notre Dame, I took measures for securing a place.

Napoleon sat upon an elevated stage or platform, rising several feet high, in the nave of the church. His brothers Lucien and Joseph were seated by his side. The first thing that struck me, on viewing him, was his unceasing restlessness, and the constant activity with which his eyes were moving in all directions. The effect was remarkable, and produced the strangest impression on my feelings. I do not think there was a single instant in which his limbs were not in motion—hands, feet, head, shoulders, body,—all changing position with a quickness that denoted the uneasy spirit within. His eyes were remarkable—not in color, for they were of a light gray, but in expression of (I cannot tell what) a sort of chilliness or icy deadness that shot through you with a keener glance than ever beamed from the blackest orb of a Calabrian. I do not wonder at the dread which they caused Canova, who called them "occhi de pasci."

morte, and said they frightened him. He exhibited certain movements in availing himself of the use of his arms, that gave me the impression of his being left-handed, though I am not aware that any person has described him with this peculiarity.

He remained seated upon this elevation, as nearly as I can remember, about twenty minutes; and though surrounded by his brothers, and I do not remember how many other persons of distinction, I did not remark that he uttered a syllable to any of them. He sat fidgeting, itching, and twisting himself about in his seat, rolling his eyes incessantly towards every object around, above, or beneath him. It seems as if he were willing to catch the expressions of every eye in the multitude that filled the aisles of that capacious edifice, and to pierce into the deepest recesses of every bosom, and to bring to light the thoughts that were lurking there. The eye, indeed, of every individual was turned towards him, and few were at a loss to conjecture what were the meditations that engrossed the anxious mind of the great chief. At length he started up suddenly and moved off; not a word of command or direction was given by him. His attendants had been very carefully upon the watch for the first indication of his design to stir, and he had not sooner started upon his feet, than all were in readiness to accompany him. Every thing denoted the character of a man whose movements were directed by sudden impulses, and who was accustomed to have his very thoughts anticipated by those around him, to obviate the most trifling obstacle, or the delay of a single moment. During this whole period I remained totally unconscious of what was going on in connection with any other part of the assemblage. Whether mass was saying, or prayers reciting, or a sermon preaching, or chorists singing, I had not afterwards the slightest recollection, and verily believe that I knew nothing of any one of these things at the moment, although something of the kind was certainly done.

A review of troops soon took place in the Place du Carrousel, where I had once more an opportunity of beholding him. Whatever the feelings of the bourgeoisie might be, there is no denying that the soldiers were enthusiastic in their attachment to him. The greetings with which he was received are not to be described in adequate language; the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" were absolutely stunning. Napoleon rode through the ranks, taking off his hat and bowing from time to time. After riding thus up and down for some time, he dismounted, and stood fronting the troops. I was surprised to observe the little care he took of his person in mixing with the crowd, for his position caused him to stand directly in the line with the spectators; and as he moved to and fro he became absolutely jostled by them, without evincing the least concern, or any precaution being used by those about him. I am certain that any individual out of a hundred of those who stood near him might have pulled his hair, had he felt so inclined. If Napoleon had ever had any dread of assassination, he by no means displayed it in his ordinary behaviour.

LAW ANECDOTE.

Some time before the abolition of the Jesuits, a gentleman in Paris died, and left all his estate from an only son then abroad, to that body of religious men, on condition that, on his return, the worthy fathers should give him whatever they should choose. When the son came home, he went to the convent, and received a very small share indeed; the wise sons of Loyola choosing to keep the greatest part to themselves. The young gentlemen consulted his friends, and all agreed that he was without remedy. At last a barrister, to whom he happened to mention his cause, advised him to sue the convent, and promised to gain him his cause. The gentleman followed his advice; and the suit terminated in his favor, through the management of the advocate, who grounded his plea on this reasoning:—

"The testator," says he, "has left his son that share of the estate which the fathers should choose. Now his plain what part they have chosen by what they keep themselves. My client then stands on the words of the will. Let me have, says he, the part they have chosen, and I am satisfied."

It was accordingly awarded to him without hesitation.

A BLIND IRISHMAN.

A clergyman in Ireland once met with a poor blind man, between ninety and a hundred years of age, and addressed him by remarking that he was a very old man.

"Ay," answered the old man, and after a short pause added, "It is well for me that I lived to be old; but," with a low voice, "it was bad for Solomon."

The clergyman asked him what reason he had to say that.

"If Solomon," replied he, "had died when he was young, he would have been one of the greatest men in the world; but if I had died when I was young, I should have gone to hell. Solomon lived to disgrace himself; I have lived to obtain glory."

After he had expressed his dependence on the blood of Christ for salvation, and acknowledged that it was by the Holy Spirit he came to the true knowledge of divine things, the clergyman asked him whether he had heard any persons speak of those things.

He answered, "No."

The minister then inquired as to the means by which he came to the knowledge of the texts he had quoted.

He replied, that about five years before, having become blind, and being desirous to prepare for eternity, he caused a grandchild of his, who could read, to procure a Bible, which he had read to him continually; and that through reading the Bible the Lord opened his heart, and enabled to feel his love.

This acknowledgement was made with evident tokens of gratitude, and connected with many expressions of praise and thanksgiving.

and chaste. The chapels were appropriated to religious lectures were substituted for sermons, and for prayers. For a while it was well received; but when it had long prevailed, had spread desolately through the country. War and blood was the fearful word of the leaders. This state could not long endure. And when an indignant nation, on whose shores might burst the chains that bound them, and on which Robespierre and his fiend-like doctrines, and upon which we have spoken filled the vacuum, it was too treated but a few respirations. It could not be the capacious desires of an immortal mind. Its duty was to make the path of vice easy—to bury in the virtue and its dictates.

It is almost upon its very face the fact that it does not hardly an iota of rational evidence, supported as it is by the credulous and ignorant people, and by a crafty and malicious priesthood;—a system introduced into the land and sustained in its progress by the edge of the sword and the blood of the innocent.

—A system tracking its way through tears, and blood!

We place our confidence upon the 800,000 gods of superstition, and the 300,000 reasons for support in?

We trust to the Grand Lama of China and the noisome dogmas of Chinese Philosophers?

—All these, without argument, we turn away with disgust, to view the BIBLE of Christians. And

we see you, reader, to ponder well the evidences of men as Watson, Clarke, McIlvaine, and others, who spurn it. It is not sufficient for a person to

it because his father did. The same reason had in other lands would have made him a Jew, a Mahomedan;—and even now he might be confounded infidel sophistry.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

ADIEU TO THE YEAR 1835.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

Adieu!—Sad and lingering hour!

The stars thy fun'ral lights do burn,

And midnight's mists around thee lower,

To close thee in oblivion's urn.

Adieu! for we again may meet no more.

Adieu!—Darkly and silently

Thou dost thy record here on high,

And publish to eternity

Deeds which must live, though thou dost die.

Adieu! for thou no more mayst pass o'er me.

Adieu!—Thou hast and silent hour!

O! many eyes shall close on time;

Before my hopes shall darkness lower,

Before thy dirge again shall chime.

Adieu! for we again may meet no more.

Adieu!—O in thy whisper breathe

To that dread word where thou dost go,

The burden of my midnight prayer,

That I the rest of heaven may know,

For ne'er again thou find'st me here.

Adieu.

THE BOSTON RECORDER closes a review of New England Orthodoxy thus:—

think there is an increasing attention paid to the mental doctrines of the gospel, as they have been

by the great body of the New England churches the beginning. For ourselves, we have an increasing

attachment to—

reader? What? The cause of Christ? No. Sabbath School instruction? No. To the Bible?

Here it is—

To the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and we cannot

rejoice to find, that many clergymen are reviving the

ancient custom of catechizing the children of their

congregations from this excellent manual.

All did Napoleon say, that there is "but one step be-

neath the sublime and the ridiculous." And, surely,

have proved it, Mr. Tracy.

AMERICAN BOARD.—The already extensive and still

increasing operations of the American Board of Com-

missioners for Foreign Missions, cannot fail to interest

benevolent hearts. Such a firm hold has this insti-

tution gained upon the confidence and affections of

the unity upon whom it relies for its funds, that in the

of the several agents, the churches are prepared

to contribute any amount of funds which the exigency

demands, and that the Committee need not hesitate

to address any number of suitable men, or to strengthen

and extend the missions in any manner, in which it

is advantageously done.

During the past year, the receipts of this Board, were

\$100,000; being \$11,000 more than the year preceding.

In time, 47 missionaries have been sent forth to

its unevangelized nations and tribes—twenty have

been sent of the Board from various causes, and four-

ward. We need something to shed light upon the darkness of the times. This is an important period in the history of this country. Who can observe the signs of the times, and not feel that it is on the eve of important events? Certainly, the managers of public periodicals have not an unimportant, or irresponsible part to act, at such a crisis. Shall we slumber on the other side of the Atlantic, and fasten upon us? Shall we bow and cringe and flatter? Surely, this is no time for soft words and smooth times, and Popery—let the blood of the tens of thousands of its victims, immolated upon its murderous Altars, speak in a voice that shall be heard through the whole length and breadth of the land.

We hail your paper as an efficient auxiliary in the work in which we are engaged. This is not the place for promising great things; but, I think, something may be done, even here, for your paper.

WARREN, Jan. 1, 1836.

BROTHER KINGSBURY—I received your bill. You will see, by this communication, that you not only have the collection of the old bills, but a few new subscribers. (a) I have made considerable effort (b) to spread your good, exciting paper. (c) I have, therefore, sent you twenty dollars, of which five dollars is a New-Year's Gift, by a young lady of this village, for the benefit of the Flat-Head Mission. (c) May God bless it to the salvation of some poor Indian.

J. O. DEAN.

(a) The letter contained six.

(b) True; and with excellent success.

(c) We shall give you the Ladies, in this city, who are making garments for this suffering race.

Dec. 28, 1835.

DEAR SIR—I have just been reading, in your paper, an account of Mr. Cheever's incarceration in Jail.

Viewing him as a martyr in the best of causes, I beg that you will cause to be put into his hands, the enclosed five dollars. If Mr. Cheever is likely to remain in Jail, and is in want, please let me know it, and I will send him as much more, or more still, if it is needed. Please to let me know, if the Bill reaches you. If it is no secret, please let me know, if "Theophilus" and "A Member of the Protestant Episcopal Church," is not the same person?

I have circulated all the numbers of your Extra, containing the review of Dr. Sprague's "Overseer." Dis- course, and hope they will do much good. I have reason to believe so. I hope they will penetrate every corner where the bane has circulated. The Temperance cause owes much to Mr. Sargent.

With great respect, Sir, your obedient servant.

1. The above we publish, with the hope that others will do likewise. Perhaps it may be thought that Mr. Cheever's Jail will defray the expenses incurred at his trial. Doubtless they will. But ought they? Mr. Cheever did not write his article as Pastor of Howard Street Church, but as a member of the Temperance com- munity. By them he should be sustained. We will see that the above \$5 is properly appropriated, and any other that those interested may be pleased to forward us.

2. LUCIUS M. SARGENT, Esq. is the author of both series referred to.

THE CHIME OF THE BELLS is a charming little vol- ume, by a German clergyman. It is filled with the flow- ers of poetry, and cannot fail to delight the intellect, as well as chasten the heart. We have occasionally to drop our pen, quit the rough path of controversial life, and feel the deep fountain of our affections stirred by such musical "chimes" as these.

We commend the work to all, especially Episcopalians, for whom it is particularly designed.

The work is published by our good friend, Mr. Wm. PIERCE, in Cornhill—where books of all sorts may be had.

THE GREAT TEACHER.—This is an English work of value. It gives the characteristics of our Lord's ministry. The style of the work is remarkable pure and polished.

Republished by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, in Wash- ington street.

TEMPERANCE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—In this State, the work of Temperance is prosecuted in an efficient and successful manner. Men of talents and in- fluence have taken hold of it with energy and zeal, hav- ing their hearts and hands devoted to the work. From a statement made in the Temperance Intelligencer we gather the following general statement.

County Societies, 57

Town and District Societies, about 1,500

Whole number of members in the State, 359,932

Temperance stores, 1,410

Rum stores, 5,885

Increase of members last year, 56,579

In the city of New York, there are 71 Societies, num- 157

bering in the whole, 71,197 members. Among the So- 158

cieties are two of colored persons, and one composed of 159

stone cutters. There are in the city, 3,024 rum stores.

What an overwhelming influence is such an organiza- 160

tion as the State of New York presents, in relation to its 161

Temperance measures, calculated to exert! But it is ob- 162

served, that with all they have accomplished, "the ground 163

already conquered from the enemy, cannot be maintained 164

without vigorous and strenuous exertion." Will not the 165

same remark apply to Massachusetts? What is doing in 166

this State for the promotion of this noble work? Do we 167

maintain the ground already conquered from the enemy? 168

Let it be borne in mind by every member of a Temperance 169

Society, that we cannot in this warfare be ultimately 170

victorious, only on condition of "eternal vigilance" on 171

our part.—a.

OUT AT LAST.

The following correspondence will explain itself. We

cannot but regret most sincerely that the Report should

assume a character so opposite to the wishes of the Con- 172

vention.

ZION'S HERALD OFFICE, Jan. 1, 1836.

TO L. M. SARGENT, Esq.:

DEAR SIR.—The Report of the Temperance Con- 173

vention, recently held in this city, you are aware, is just 174

issued. Having been a member of that Convention, I 175

felt a more than ordinary interest in the character of the 176

document. My impression, after a careful perusal, was, 177

that it was very unfair, and would prove to the Con- 178

vention very unsatisfactory.

You, Sir, having been a prominent and active member 179

of this important body, will excuse me for making an 180

appeal to your mature judgment, relative to the publi- 181

cation to which I refer. For, if it be an honorable Re- 182

port—honorable to the Convention, and honorable to the speak- 183

ers—if it speak the sentiments of that body, as they de- 184

sired to have them spoken, then let them be scattered 185

upon the winds, until they have reached the threshold of 186

every dwelling in the State. Far be it from me to raise 187

a whisper against it.

I am led to doubt my own opinion respecting it, as the Council of the Massachusetts Temperance Society, under whose supervision it was published, are gentlemen of de- servedly high rank in the community.

Very respectfully yours,

BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR.

Boston, Jan. 4, 1836.

MR. B. KINGSBURY, JR.:

My dear Sir—I reply most unreservedly to your note, in which you request my opinion of the Report, just now

published, of the proceedings of the Temperance Con- 188

vention, held more than three months ago at the Odeon, in 189

this city. The grammatical inaccuracies, by which it is 190

disfigured, forbid the supposition, that you desire my opin- 191

ion of its literary merits.—As a report of the proceedings 192

of that Convention, I hesitate not to affirm, that it has no 193

legitimate title to the name it bears.

After no ordinary note of preparation, nearly six hun-

dred delegates were assembled in convention, at a consid- 194

erable sacrifice of personal convenience to many. The 195

effect of such a gathering was undoubtedly beneficial, 196

if the mere exertion to good works were the only re- 197

sult of it. Who invited the attendance of all these dele- 198

gates? They were expected to participate in the dis- 199

cussion of several important questions, connected with the 200

temperance cause; and as a customary consequence of 201

such assemblage and discussion, they unquestionably 202

looked forward to the promulgation, in due time, of a full 203

and faithful report of their proceedings. The object of 204

those delegates, who took part in the discussion, was to do 205

good, and that would be most unwarrantably limited, if 206

confined within the four walls of the Odeon. After the 207

conventions at Utica, and very recently at Buf- 208

falo, and in many other cases, the delegates had not all 209

reached their homes, before full and faithful reports ap- 210

peared in the Temperance Intelligencer, the New York 211

Evangelist, and other journals. These reports contained 212

details of every argument, carefully reported. The mere 213

announcement that a convention has passed a resolution, 214

can have but little influence upon a community, and 215

nothing can be more improper nor more unusual, than a 216

suppression of the arguments.—Reporters were industri- 217

ously employed during the whole session of the Con- 218

vention; and yet the only argument, set forth in its original 219

shape, is contained in a letter from Dr. Miller, which, as 220

it well deserved, in my poor judgment, was soon buried 221

out of recollection by the strong sense of the Con- 222

vention, which can directly counter to the sentiments that 223

letter conveyed. It must not be replied that Mr. De- 224

lan's short note is also published: Mr. D. simply excuses 225

himself for not attending the Convention, and advances 226

his opinion, but without argument.—To all this the gen- 227

tleman, who prepared this document, will probably re- 228

spond, that they have condensed the argument before the 229

Convention into the summary under the name of an ad- 230

dress. They must have a strange comparative estimate 231

of things, if they truly believe, that the delegates will 232

be able to recognize the forcible and well-sustained ar- 233

gument of Dr. Edwards upon the wine question, under 234

this *nona progenies* of their own.—I charge these gen- 235

tleman with nothing; yet it would be affecting not to 236

admit that there are strong manifestations of bias, exhib- 237

ited upon the face of this report, since the writer or the 238

writers, whichever it may be, appear to have anticipated 239

the imputation of partiality, and put themselves upon their 240

guard, even before they are assailed.—Some of the argu- 241

ments for the exclusion of all intoxicating drinks, which 242

arguments are set forth in the address, are quite new to 243

me. They are very absurd, and appear to be set up, in 244

the "Report," to be knocked down in the "Report."— 245

It is stated in this document, that the resolution, recom- 246

ending abstinence from all intoxicating drinks was passed 247

by "a very large majority;" this is too true to be so 248

modestly stated: the Convention was very full, and with 249

close attention I saw but four hands raised against it.—It 250

is now more than three months since the Convention 251

closed its session. This document has just now appeared, 252

and without any assigned reason for this delay I look 253

upon such conduct as a neglect of duty. As to the docu- 254

ment itself, it breathes an air of spirit but that which prevailed 255

in the Convention.—I have written you frankly, and very 256

plainly. I have this cause deeply at heart, and I am sur- 257

prised and mortified, at such a miserable representation of 258

one of the noblest Conventions ever convened in our Com- 259

monwealth. Very respectfully yours,

L. M. SARGENT.

"TOO DECIDED."

We cannot but smile, occasionally, at the oddity of rea- 260

sons frequently assigned by subscribers, who wish to dis- 261

cuss, but the very quiteness of oddity arrived at 262

our office a day or two since. He says,—"We are too 263

decided. He don't want the slaves liberated. He wants 264

to see Kneeland and the Investigator, before he can be- 265

lieve what we say about Infidels."—ergo, stop my paper.

We rejoice, most heartily, that our subscriber did not 266

charge us with being lukewarm or vacillating. Charge us 267

with any thing but that.

BOSTON WESLEYAN LYCEUM.

All persons having demands against this institution are 268

requested to present them to Dr. A. B. SNOW, on or be- 269

fore Saturday, 23d inst.

Per order of the committee.

We hope the above request will receive immediate at- 270

Poetry.

THE SECRET PRAYER.

It was a still and solemn hour,
In an isle of the Southern Seas,
And slowly the shades of night were swept
Away by the morning breeze,
When a lonely son of Britain stood
With cheek and brow of care,
Seeking amid the solitude
A place for secret prayer.

No ear to hear in that silent glen,
No eye but the eye of God;
Yet the giant fern gave back a voice
As forth the wanderer trod:
They were broken words that met his ear,
And a name was mingled there;
It was the name of Christ he heard,
And the voice of secret prayer.

A native of that savage isle
From the depth of his full heart cried
For mercy, for help, in the hour of need,
For faith in the Crucified!
And peace and hope were in those tones,
So solemnly sweet they were,
For He who answers while yet we call
Had blest that secret prayer.

The morning dawned on that lonely spot,
But a far more glorious day
Came with the accents of prayer and praise
On the Indian's lips that lay.
The first, the first who had called on God
In these regions of Satan's care,
The first who had breathed in his native tongue
The language of secret prayer.

And he who that sacred music heard,
The missionary lone—
Of the joy that thrilled thro' his yearning heart
By a stranger may not be known;
But he knelt, and blest the hand that sent,
In the hour of his deep despair,
Comfort and strength to his fainting soul
With the voice of that secret prayer.

HUMILITY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The bird which soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she which dwells most sweetly aloft,
Sings in the shade when all things rest—
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose the better part,
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet:
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint who wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bows;
The weight of glory hinds him down,
Then most, when most his soul ascends;
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

Miscellaneous.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

UNIVERSALISM.

NO. II.

6. Again, your notion that all men are punished all they deserve, for sin, is directly contradicted by the testimony of God. Psalm ciii. 9, 10. "He will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger for ever [against such as repent, Luke xiii. 3]. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities." Here then again, my friend, you and the Bible do not and cannot agree, if Universalism be true. You tell me that no one, who sins, "shall go unpunished," but the great God tells me, that those "who confess and forsake their sins," shall have mercy; they shall not be punished for them. I need not tell you, which testimony I shall feel it my pleasure to receive.

7. Look, again, at your notion of Universalism; it teaches that God is the author of whatever comes to pass, and, consequently, the most cruel and hard-hearted being in existence!! Do you shudder at this idea, my friend? Let us examine it a little. You say, that "the wicked shall not go unpunished." And pray, what are they punished for? Why, for doing the will of God! for doing the very acts which your God himself decreed they should do!! He willed that the anti-debauchers should sin, and then he sent a flood upon them for fulfilling his decree! He willed that the Sodomites should sin against him, and then sent fire and brimstone upon them, from heaven, for doing his will! And this you call a "blessed doctrine." The destruction of Jerusalem is the key-stone to the arch of Universalism, and yet the sins and abominable wickedness which brought upon that people those dreadful calamities, were caused and willed by your "impartial God," while he sent those up to heaven who were guilty of committing them, and kept his innocent disciples in this world of suffering and pain!!! O the beauties of Universalism!

What you have said concerning a child, who dies soon after becoming responsible for sin, amounts to nothing towards proving the affirmative of the question between us. You forget that this life is a time of trial for every human being, (see Gen. vi. 3; Heb. iii. 7-13; 2 Cor. vi. 2,) during which all may repent and be saved, and which may be longer or shorter with different persons, without any injustice to any one.

You quote Isaiah xlii. 9, and apply the "purpose," mentioned there, to your notion of unconditional salvation for all men! But you might as well apply it to the unconditional and eternal damnation of all men. The whole passage refers to God's counsel and pleasure to restore the Jews from their captivity in Babylon, by Cyrus, the first Persian king! This you might have seen by consulting Isaiah xlv. 24; xlv. 24-28; in the last of which places, it is said expressly,—"Cyrus is my shepherd, and he shall do ALL MY PLEASURE." So, according to your version of this passage, Cyrus, the first Persian king, is to fulfil the "purpose" of God, by which all mankind will be saved!!!! Here is another consistency of the "blessed doctrine!"

Again, you argue the absolute certainty of the eternal salvation of all men, because "it is the will of God that all men might be saved." This is a great hobby with many Universalists, I know; but let us look at this argument, and see what it amounts to.

1. It is the will of God, "that all men might be saved;" this is one thing. In this respect, His will is done; all men may now be saved; that is, all who

are in a state of probation may now be saved; but this no more proves, that all men shall be saved with absolute certainty, than the fact, that it is His will that all men should now be holy, proves that all are really so. You either believe, that it is the will of God that all men should now be holy, or you believe that it is His will, that they should sin and be unholy—hence, if it is His will, that some should be holy who are not so, then His will is not done; and if His will be not done in this case, it follows, as a matter of consequence, that His will may not be done with regard to the final holiness of all men. Or, if you believe that it is the will of God that all men should not be holy now, then you believe, as I have before stated, that God is the author of all the sin, pollution, devilry, and misery there are in the world, or that there ever was, or ever will be; and if your God is *bad* enough to be the author of all the sin there is now in the world, and unjust enough to punish men for doing what it is His will they should do, and you have faith in him notwithstanding, you need not marvel, if others believe in the God of the Bible, who is good enough to be the author of no sin nor misery, but so just and holy that He will punish all, who do not repent, with an "eternal destruction from His presence, and from the glory of his power."

2. The Bible informs us, expressly and directly, that God's will, in relation to all mankind, is not done, and, so far as the agency and happiness of some are concerned, it never will and never can be done.

1. It was His will that the Jews, mentioned in Isaiah v. 1-5, should have been obedient to His command, and brought forth holy fruit. Hence, he says,—"What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? Wherefore when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?"

2. It was the will of God, that the Jews mentioned in Matt. xxiii. 37, and Luke xix. 41, 42, should have been saved, and He declares most positively, that He would have saved them, but they would not, and consequently they were not saved. And facts, like these, might be multiplied from the Bible, but I forbear; I have already said enough, I trust, to convince any candid mind that Universalism is not of God; that it cannot be proved from the Bible, and that it does not bear the test of unperverted reason.

Not did you, or any other man, learn this notion from a right understanding of what is taught in the Holy Scriptures. Many believe it, because they know they are guilty, and have nothing else in which to trust for safety—and because men are always ready to believe that which they wish to be true.

Let me, now, request you not to pass by the arguments, which I have adduced in the foregoing remarks. Examine them, and weigh them candidly; and that you may see and feel their bearing on your notions of final salvation, I will propose the following questions, which I wish you to answer, (if you should write again), plainly and distinctly.

1. What is the curse of God's law?
2. Do all men suffer the whole of it in this life?
3. What is an *evil*?
4. To what *evil* is one exposed, who has suffered the curse of God's law?
5. Did God design that man should sin when he created him?
6. Are all that man does, or can suffer, designed for his good, and his good alone?
7. Was the Sabbath-breaker, (Num. xv. 36,) stoned to death for his own good?
8. Were the Sodomites burnt to death for their own good?
9. What is repentance?
10. Can any sinner be saved without it?
11. From what *evil* are sinners saved after the resurrection?
12. Did Christ die, to save man from the curse of God's law?
13. If the eternal punishment of a sinner be anguish, is the goodness of God concerned in saving him from it?
14. What makes it certain, that all men will finally be happy?
15. Would it be proper for a father to cause his child to disobey him, and then punish him for that disobedience?
16. Will your salvation be any more certain, if you pray for it, and live as holy as you can?
17. If a man feel himself really miserable, sad, and thinks he would find immediate and eternal relief to put an end to his life, is there not some reason to fear that he would be apt to do it?

Answer the above, my friend, "yes" or "no;" do not go round and round them, but come to the point, and look the difficulties in the face, which Scripture and facts, and reason, present against the notion upon which you place your hopes of eternal blessedness in the world to come.

Your friend and well-wisher,
LA ROY SUNDERSLAND.

AN ITINERANT HORSE.—Bishop McKendree's celebrated horse, called "Old Gray," as we learn from an esteemed correspondent, died on the 31st of August, in his 33d year. The Bishop obtained him when he was eight years of age, and, during the six following years, rode him *thirty thousand miles*, and after this he made extensive journeys. Such was the good Bishop's regard for this faithful relic of his travelling days, that he remembered him in his will, left him twelve acres of land for his exclusive grazing while he lived, and expressed his wish that his carcass should be buried after death.—*N. Y. Methodist*.

N. B.—A righteous man regarded the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.—Prov. x. 12.

THE DISCONTENTED OAK.

A FABLE.

It chanced, that a neat little spruce tree was removed from Boston, and placed aside beside a large oak in Ashburnham. Like many people, who have paid a short visit to the city, the spruce was completely giddy with vanity; and she was never weary of telling her poor country neighbors of all the fine signs she had seen. She said she had heard many conversations between the fine ladies and gentlemen, as they walked in the mall by the bright moonlight; and added, with a very knowing look, that she could reveal many secrets, if she were so disposed. She talked of seeing the majestic State House; of the large block of buildings glistening in the setting sun; of the tramping of horses; the rattling of carriages, and the fine dress of the belles and beaux; and finally, she affirmed that she herself was planted on the same spot where a French nobleman once stood! and that president Monroe had rested his hand on her shoulder when he visited New England. The

oak heard these stories, and began to grow discontented with her humble lot. Here am I, thought she, who have seen nothing all my life but a parcel of surburban children, or gabbling geese, or some noisy farmer calling out to his stupid oxen: I wish I could go to the city, and see some of those beautiful things which friend Spruce tells of.

The wish was soon granted; for a famous gardener happening to travel that way, taking a fancy to the oak, transplanted it to Boston. For a while, the tree was busy enough in observing the gaiety and hurry of the town; but she soon found, that she saw quite as many poor and miserable people as she did fine gentlemen and ladies. She complained that the air was smoky and unwholesome, and that the horses covered her green robes all over with dust. Beside, she could not conceal her vexation, that so few people had leisure to stop and admire a newly arrived personage so important as herself. Sorrowful and unhealthily, she soon began to pine away; but she was kept alive by the hope, that the merciful gardener would carry her back to her native village, where she could once more look down upon the pretty little wild flowers and cheerful children, who used to frolic beneath her shade. While she was cherishing these thoughts, Mr. Quincy, the mayor, ordered a new street to be cut through the place where she stood. The ambitious oak was hewn down, and the branches, which looked so green and thriving in the country, were burned to boil lobsters for the city.

Moral.—Never be anxious to change a humble situation, which you have long proved to be a quiet and a happy one, for the uncertain comforts of wealth, parade, or fame; lest like the fabled oak, you end your days in melancholy and disappointment.—*Youth's Companion*.

INTELLIGENCE OF BIRDS.—A gentleman in Catskill, put up a cage in his garden, intended for the blue bird. Soon after it was completed, a pair of wrens paid it a visit, and, being pleased with the tenement, took possession and commenced building a nest. Before, however, the nest was completed, a pair of blue birds arrived, laid claim to the cage, and after a hard battle, succeeded in ousting the wrens, and forthwith completed the nest on a plan of their own. But the male wren was a bird of spirit, and not disposed to submit tamely to the injury. Some days after, watching his opportunity while his antagonist was away, he entered the cage, and commenced rolling the eggs out of the nest. He had thrown out but one when the blue bird discovered him, and with loud cries made an immediate attack. The wren sought safety in a neighboring currant bush, and by his activity in dodging about among the branches and on the ground, succeeded in eluding his adversary. The blue bird gave up the chase, and returned to examine the condition of his nest. The egg had, luckily, fallen on a soft bed, and had not broken. After careful examination, he took it in his claws, and returned it safely to the nest.

The following pretty song, composed by Thomas Blake, Esq., and set to music by Mr. Blundell Taylor, is now all the rage in London:—

THE MARINER'S LIFE.

Oh! the mariner's life is the life for me,
Floating along on the changeful sea;
Where storms are raging, and winds are high,
Then from billow to billow we quickly fly.

And when all is still on the ocean's breast,
We lay to sleep while the billows rest,
And dream not of perils and danger past,
On the raging sea 'mid the stormy blast.

And though far away we are doomed to roam,
From all that we love in our distant home,
Yet we whisper to every passing wind,
A prayer for those we have left behind.

And when our perils and dangers are o'er,
At last we tread on our native shore;
Our grateful thanks shall ascend on high,
Till life's voyage is o'er, and then happy die!

Col. L.—was a man of fortune and aristocratic manners—possessed considerable talents, and was generally popular. In a canvass, preceding an election, he encountered a poor man, of whom he had been in the habit of taking no notice whatever. He approached and saluted the voter, in a familiar manner, and tendered his hand, which was refused. "Excuse me, Col. L.—I will vote for you, because you are a faithful and able member, but I will give my hand to no man who offers me his but once in seven years."—*Norfolk Beacon*.

ANECDOTE.—At a dissenting place of worship, in Leicester, on Sunday week, an individual happening to be behind time, the minister, who had been before disturbed by persons coming in, told him that he was a half an hour too late; but, to accommodate him, he would begin his sermon again, which he accordingly did.

LITTLE CHARLES.

A Baptist minister gives the following account of the self-denying spirit of a little boy, which many older people would do well to imitate:—

A few weeks since, I visited Mrs. W.—, a member of the church, under my care. Her little son, Charles, about five years old, was amusing himself near her, when I entered the room, but immediately left his playthings, exclaiming, "I've got it—I've got it—here it is!" and climbing to a low shelf, took off a box, and returned to me with a countenance beaming with delight, and placed it in my hands.

"Charles," I inquired, "what have you got that pleases you so much?"

"It is my box of cents."

"And where did you obtain them, Charles?"

"They are my rewards for being up to the head in school."

"And what do you mean to do with them, my son?"

"I want to give them to the poor heathen children, so that they may go to school."

Here he opened his little treasury, and counted into my hand eighteen cents, and expressed a wish that I would send them to Bermuda.

He had been present with his mother, when Mrs. Wade addressed a large number of ladies upon the moral condition of the heathen, and he became so much interested in her story, that he resolved from that time to give his little savings to the "heathen children." He has since made an addition to his donation.

His mother told me that a short time previous to my visit, a pedlar had called at the house, and displayed his merchandise before the family. The attention of little Charles was attracted by several of

the articles, and particularly by a watch; which, of course, the pedlar was desirous should be bought for his amusement.

"Charles," said his mother, "do you want it?"

"Yes, mother, do buy it for me."

"But, Charles, you have money of your own in your box; why ask me to buy it for you?"

"Yes, Charles," said the pedlar, "come buy it; it will be easy for you to get more money in your box."

Charles looked at the watch and said, "It is pretty;" then at his mother, who turned away her eyes.

"Come," said the pedlar, "you will not buy a pretty watch so cheap of any body else."

Charles directed his eyes towards his money-box, then towards the watch again, and at last he exclaimed, "No! I won't spend my money for the watch, for then the poor heathen children can't go to school."

The child cheerfully suffered the pedlar to leave the house.

Ah! thought I, how many heathen children might receive a Christian education, and how many of their parents might possess the word of God, and enjoy the preached gospel, if Christians generally possessed the spirit of this little boy.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Oh! how many ties there are to bind the soul to earth! When the strongest are cut asunder, and the spirit feels itself cast loose from every bond which connects it with mortality, how imperceptibly does one little tendril, after another, become entwined about it, and draw it back with gentle violence! He who thinks he has but one love is always mistaken. The heart may have one overmastering affection, more powerful than all the rest, which, like the main root of the tree, is what it supports it; but if that be cut away, it will find a thousand fibres clinging to the soil of humanity. An absorbing passion may fill up the soul, and while it lasts, may throw a shade over the various obligations, and the infinite multitude of little kindnesses and tender associations, that bind us to mankind; but when that fades, these are seen to twinkle in the firmament of life, as the stars shine after the sun has gone down. Even the brute, and the flies of the field, that neither toil nor spin, put in their claims; and the heart that would have spurned the world, settles quietly down again upon its bosom.—*Border Tales*.

THINGS IN LONDON.

"One man is nothing—at most but an atom, a mere atom, an atomized atom!" Horror of horrors—how many times has this London been emptied in the many past centuries! What do they do with the dead? Can the earth hold them? How many feet deep of dead, think you, there are under the earth, hereabout? If the resurrection will be, as we think, what a spectacle will be exhibited here! The two millions of people over whom I am looking now, thirty years hence, will be half gone—sixty years hence, quite gone. A new race will be in these streets. Our day will be antiquity. People will wonder how we looked and acted. The people's children will be tramping over us. Two millions more of dead will be added to the millions of millions under the earth. Other men will be in St. Stephen's then. The St. James will have another king and queen, if king and queen then there be—and the worms will be eating this one, if then he be not already eaten.—Perchance his monument will stand up somewhere as rusty as Charles the Second's. But old Thames will be what he now is. He will not change. Whip up quickly your heavy horses, ye draymen on Ludgate Hill. Others are hurrying to take your places. Drive on, lively boys. Who will drive when you are dead? What will a thousand years know of you?—What folly to pile up these huge masses of stone! Old Time sends abroad millions of messengers, eating and gnawing the very stone,—and by and by he comes himself, with his terrible sledge, and strikes down what they have loosened. And you, Westminster Abbey, must also fall. He is at work upon you. By and by rubbish will fill your Poet's Corner. Ay, this old Tower, they are propping up and propping up. Its turrets look as if they shake. There, is the monument erected in memory of the great fire. Who knows, but another great fire level even this dome in the dust. Sir Christopher Wren built this—and Sir Christopher Wren sleeps in a dark cell under my feet.

I have just been looking at Nelson's Sarcophagus, under the very centre of this dome. Nelson died to lay in that gloomy place, to dispel whose darkness torches must be lighted, ere his tomb can be seen.—Oh, what is glory! A skilling is asked to see him, and the great painters, and some others—the same that is demanded for seeing the beasts in the Tower. What care all the mighty mass of human beings moving around this church, who lie buried here! The huge clock is striking. How many have died within the scan of the eye hence, since it first began to strike!—*Brooks' Letters from Europe*.

THE SOLDIER.

"Why go to the battle, dearest?" said the wife to her husband.

"Because we are oppressed—and I owe my life to my country; and you, my love, would not wish your husband a laggard where honor or duty called him, because danger stood in the way."

"No; if we could be certain that either honor or duty called, I would be the last to detain you; though if you were killed, I could look to God alone for support or comfort in my desolation; but remember, when you speak of patriotism, that those opposed to you have the same feelings as you, and were your friends and associates. Must they be wrong?"

But he listened not to her arguments; and taking one long kiss, laughed at her fears as he galloped to join his comrades. She was a woman, and reasoned from her cowardice.

It was after a skirmish that the soldier walked the battle field, amidst the dying and the dead—and, as he drove away the birds of prey eagerly hovering over them—and listened to the groans of agony, and curses of despair of those whose laugh he had often heard, and whose happiness he had daily witnessed, he reflected whether any cause could justify so much misery.

He doubted whether those men would risk every thing to sustain a cause plainly wrong—where nothing was to be gained and so much must be sacrificed; and remembering that they who had persuaded him to seek the lives of his neighbors, risked nothing by their patriotism, and shunning the danger they persuaded others to encounter, seemed avaricious of any thing but the glory they extolled—he saw that a few mean politicians were the country he

was serving; and that he had been persuaded to avenge an imaginary wrong by a real injury. And he felt that patriotism might be a crime. Then his fond young wife, anxious and alone, mourning his absence, and constantly trembling at the peril he encountered, came over his mind; he realized her miserable uncertainty; and shuddering at her desolation if he should be slain, he wept. But the trumpet sounded; discipline drove all softer feeling from his heart, and he rushed foremost in the battle's charge—a reckless instrument of destruction.

Gallantly he dashed on, if that can be called gallant where all thought is driven from the mind, and the man sees naught but the foe before him—his white plumes could be seen tossing above the smoke, far in advance of his men—the square he was charging fired—his horse fell, and his comrades trampled over him on their way to victory.

His body was thrown into a pit with some hundred others;—his name was omitted in the despatch which told the story of the battle in which he fell.

And thus ends the life of a soldier.

THE TEMPERANCE STAGE.—A gentleman called a few days since at our office, and related the following incident:—

In going from Newburyport to Portsmouth, a well dressed man entered the stage at the former place, having well refreshed himself at the bar. He soon became very noisy and foolish, and attracted the notice of the driver, who himself was an owner in the establishment. Coming in about an hour to a tavern, the driver stopped, and asked the gentleman if he had any baggage.

"Yes sir," said he.

"Please to point it out."

He did so; and the driver took it off and placed it on the door-step.

"Now," said he, "please to get out."

"Why," said the well-pruned gentleman, "I don't wish to stop here."

"Cannot help it," said the driver, "I drink no spirit, and my horses drink none; and I cannot carry you. Stay here till you get sober. I shall be along again to-morrow."

The gentleman was left, much to our relief. We had such incidents with joy; for if there is any thing which destroys the comfort of travelling, it is being cooped up the live-long day in a close stage, with a filthy drunkard.—*Lowell Pledge*.

SINGING BOOKS.

AS the season is approaching for the commencement of Singing Schools, the subscriber would give notice that all the varieties of Singing Books will be furnished at the publishers' prices, at 19 Washington street. D. H. ELA, Sept. 20.

TRUSSES.

THE Subscriber informs the public and individuals afflicted with Hernia or Rupture, that he continues the manufacture and application of TRUSSES, of every description, and has now taken a shop No. 3, in Seely's Buildings, up stairs, opposite the estate formerly Gardner Green's, and near the N. England Museum, Cornhill Street, having for 15 years past, engaged in the manufacture and making use of these Instruments, and has an opportunity of witnessing numerous distressing cases of Rupture at the Hospital of the Charlestown Almshouse, of which his father has been the keeper for more than 32 years, and within two years has applied several hundred Trusses to individuals, which have given the most satisfactory relief, and in many cases procured an entire cure—he is now confident he can give every individual relief, who may be disposed to call on him. Separate apartments are provided for the accommodation of individuals calling at the same time, and he has every facility for fitting these important articles.

Trusses required in the following cases:—The undersigned's Trusses have been recommended to the public, one year since, by Dr. J. C. WARREN of this city, and he is permitted to refer to Dr. J. C. WARREN and THOMPSON of Charlestown. J. F. FREDERICK PUSTER, Nov. 11.

A. L. HASKELL & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealers in Furniture, Feather, Mattresses, Beds, &c. at Chambers Nos. 2 and 10 Back Square—have on hand, and will continue to keep constantly for sale, in any quantity that may be wanted, the following articles, which will be sold on credit terms, and can be placed on purchase, viz:—Secretaries, Dressing Cases, Bureaus, Grecian, Card, Pembroke and common Tables, Ladies' Work Tables, Bedsteads, Couches, Sofas, &c. Sofa Beds, Trunks, and Trunk Beds, Malagasy and stained-wood Cases, Fancy and common Chairs, Cabinet Chairs, Wash Stands and Toilet Tables, Counting Room and Portable Desks, Looking Glasses, Brass Fire Stoves, Brass Tea Fires, Wooden Clocks, Bedsteads and Bunkers.

MATTRESSES—Double bordered best Spanish hair, double bordered Russian hair, single bordered Russian Hair—different qualities and prices.

FEATHERS—Best Northern Live Geese, Southern and Western do.; Russian of various kinds—all of which are warranted free from snuff and mold.

TRUSS—Feather Beds, of different qualities and prices; Bed Trunks, Pillows and Bolsters, ready made.

Every article warranted equal to the advertisement. Business personally attended to, and all favors thankfully received. Nov. 11.

WHITTIER & WARREN.

WARRANTED BOOTS AND SHOES of all descriptions, by the package or single pair, No. 14 Back Square, (opposite Faneuil Hall), Boston. (See Sept. 29.)

BOTANIC INFIRMARY.

Let the Sick read and attend! THE subscriber would give notice to the public generally, and to his friends particularly, that he has opened a Botanic Infirmary in North End village, N. B., where he will be happy to receive and attend upon any who may favor him with their patronage.

The subscriber feels confident, from his own experience and observation, that the Thomsonian system is in itself sufficient to meet every disease, and every exigency to which human nature is heir. He has seen fever—that scourge of mankind—let and submit to the powerful effect of vegetable remedies, in the short space of twenty-four hours. If any doubt, let him come and see—and if the system, upon trial, prove good, advise it him; if bad, then, and not till then, discontinue it.

A female nurse, well qualified for the business, will devote all her time in attendance upon the female patients, who may repair to the Infirmary for the recovery of their health.

An assortment of Vegetable Medicines will be kept for sale at the Infirmary, among which are the following articles, viz:—Restorative Syrup, Rheumatic Drops, Vegetable Powders, Vegetable Bitters, Rheumatic Liniment, &c. &c. Det. 7.

BOARDERS WANTED.

A FEW gentlemen Boarders can be accommodated in my family, No. 6 South Cedar street, corner of Church street—or one or two gentlemen with their wives, who would be furnished with pleasant rooms.

If any friends from the country, who may come as Representatives to the General Court, should find it convenient for them, they might probably be accommodated. L. TOMPKINS, Dec. 23.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

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